

A. Vibert Douglas

Memoirs

"Pilgrims Were We All"^{78.11} TS
Chapters 7 to 9

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SCHOOL and EARLY COLLEGE YEARS.

During the summer of 1904 there was much talk of where we would live, where in Montreal could be found a house within Grandma's limited means, the pension of the widow of a Methodist Minister and the investment income from what savings she and Grandfather had managed to lay by in view of his increasing physical disabilities. My Father's long illness had eaten up every penny he had possessed. Aunt Mary at one time suggested that we live in Kingston, but nearly all the family friends were in Montreal and thither Aunt Mary went in mid-September to hunt for a house. One day she rowed herself over in a hired Address skiff to give us the happy news that she had found a house at 451 Mountain Avenue, Westmount, with a garden with an old apple tree and a right-of-way foot path to Rosemount Avenue. We were all jubilant and by the end of September were comfortably established in our new home.

The Westmount Academy and Queen's School were only about four blocks distant, the former for boys only at elementary level, the latter for girls only until ready for High School. George was put into Fourth Standard at the Academy passing out of Sixth Standard into the four years of High School. I was assigned to Third Standard and four years later went on to the Academy for the four senior years. Looking back, I feel that our teachers were mediocre, with the exception of Miss Everett in my final year at Queen's School, and some of our teachers in the senior classes: Mr. Worsfold in Latin, Miss McAuley in French, Miss James in English and above all Mr. R. E. Howe in Mathematics and Physical Geography, a born teacher to whom we both felt deeply grateful. He was the class master in the final, co-educational matriculation year. Two boys only became close friends of George, Francis Robinson and Alfred Rosevear. The former's father was an engineer who had played some leading part in construction and dredging work on the Nile. Francis was an interesting boy who left before matriculating to go to England and prepare for entering Cambridge. His family were Plymouth Brethren and, I think, Pacifists when the war came. The son eventually settled on a ranch in Pencer Creek, Alberta. Alfred's interests were literary. He went on to McGill, Arts and Law. He had a fine war record in the Air Force. George and these two as High School students formed a little society which they called the Society for the Promotion of Science and Literature, the S.P.S.L. To it they invited a very few chosen friends and they took turns presenting papers on topics of their choice, meeting in the homes of one or another. I was very envious, but it was for boys only. When they met in our dining room, George encouraged me to listen from the hall, and he carefully left the door ajar. At school, they always used

the initials in referring to their group and if asked by uncongenial, inquisitive class mates they would reply that it was a Society for the Prevention of Singing to Lemons. I made no really intimate friendships amongst my class mates, but in my final year I met Jennie Symons and we immediately formed an enduring friendship. She followed me to McGill after her year at Macdonald College. She graduated with honours in Botany, became a Lecturer and then married Dr. Eric Simpson, a biochemist at Haverford. After his all-too-early death, Jennie became a Professor at Hunter College, New York, and is now retired in Southern California where she has assembled a valuable collection of Pacific Coast Sea-weeds. (She died in 1977.)

Mountain Avenue came down very steeply from the Westmount Boulevard to our house and then flattened off down to Sherbrooke Street. This made an ideal place for sleds and toboggans both of which were given us the first winter. Then we learned to snowshoe and every Saturday we explored Mount Royal and the west mountain. Still later skis began to appear and George had the bright idea of tacking canvas on barrel staves to make a toe-hold. This was tremendous sport on our steep hill. About 1908 we were given real skis and then Mount Royal again became our happy hunting ground. By this time a ski jump had been made on the west mountain, where now fine residences cover the entire slope and the top where there was a golf links in those early years. At this jump we watched breathlessly as a Norwegian visitor to Montreal turned a somersault in mid air and then landed beautifully, to complete his run. About this time we began our pre-Christmas expeditions with the toboggan, axe and hatchet away out beyond Snowdon Junction to the woods by the Bluebonnets Race Track to get our Christmas tree and lots of evergreen branches to decorate the hallway and wherever we could put it. George would make a little fire in the snow to warm our hands and hopefully, but unsuccessfully, my feet. Here we would eat our sandwiches and then start the long trek home. I do not think any girl or woman in those pre-war years wore ski pants. I did all my sliding, snowshoeing and skiing with moccasins over two pairs of long overstockings, petticoat tucked into knitted bloomers, and a heavy skirt well below the knees.

In autumn and spring we took long Saturday walks over the mountain where trilliums bloomed in myriads in May and no one said not to pick them; or to damp woods near Snowdon Junction where pussy willows and later Jack-in-the-pulpits could be found; or to low wet fields beyond the C.P.R. yards and roundhouse below the Upper Lachine Road beyond Montreal West where masses of glorious Marsh Marigolds flourished. On the brow of the West Mountain stood a square wooden skeleton tower on ground acquired by McGill for survey purposes. Up this boys used to climb to the platform

on the top but never did I see a girl up there. When our walks took us that way, George always went up while I waited enviously below. One day when the view across city and river to the Monterey Hills was wonderfully clear, George urged me to attempt the ascent, about 35 feet, I imagine. The first horizontal beam was well out of reach. Boys shinnied up one of the four main supports to reach it. George hoisted me up to it, and then came the straightforward climb by cross-beams and horizontals to the top where a group of rather surprised boys looked at me with astonishment. I felt the glow of achievement after my deliberately slow and cautious descent, but I never repeated the stunt. I thought of it some forty years later when I followed an enthusiastic Finnish Astronomer, Dr. Vaisala, to the somewhat dizzy height of his observation platform at Turku Observatory. On one spring Saturday we walked all the way to Lachine, a long standing ambition, but we took the tram back arriving home at tea time, both pretty weary but not so much so as our little wire-hair terrier, Rab, who had run hither and thither all the way there and had swum in the cold waters of Lake St. Louis. George had to carry him most of the way from the tram to our house where he lay on the floor before the fire, only lifting his head enough to lap up sideways some warm milk from a saucer.

Those were years of great technological change. The University Street house had been lit by gas, but we did have a telephone on the wall, you lifted off the ear arm and then rang a bell for "central" by means of a little handle at the side of the box. But when we went to Mountain Avenue we had electric lights throughout the house. During our years there and on Mt. Pleasant Avenue motor cars passed from being a rarity to being almost commonplace although all deliveries, bread, milk, groceries, coal and the fire engines were horse drawn. At first no motor could make the steep ascent of Mountain Avenue. When we heard a car pass the house, we would run out of doors to watch it slow gradually to a stop and then ignominiously ~~slide~~^{back} down again. The first time we saw one succeed in making the grade we rushed back into the house to announce the fact to the family. Those were also the years of the early attempts at flight. George cut out of the Gazette and the Star everything he could find about the Wright Brothers' planes. We were very excited when in 1909 news came that Bleriot in his monoplane had crossed the English Channel. That flight took 38 minutes! Later Count de Lessops was in the news with his short flight over Anticosti, and his biplane was put on view in the large Arena preceding the present Forum. We examined it from outside its protective cordon with intense interest, no panel of complicated instrument dials, all so simple that we both came away convinced we could fly it ourselves. Incidentally our spending money in those days was ten cents a week plus collection for Sundays, the latter always new coins obtained at the Bank for the purpose, and for her own church envelope Grandma never had

anything but a new fresh crisp dollar bill. This punctiliousness became a life habit with me.

For several years long distance races were held each spring, the course being up Park Avenue, around the mountain and back along Sherbrooke Street to the head of Union Street. The Champion runner was a Canadian Indian named Longboat. With other youngsters we would watch for him to appear and then race alongside as far as we could keep the pace.

Our house on Mountain Avenue was sold after about three years there. So very regretfully we moved to 417 Mount Pleasant Avenue, two blocks east. We were there in 1910 when Halley's Comet became a beautiful glowing object in the evening sky above the mountain.

On Sundays we walked the ten blocks to Douglas Methodist Church at St. Catherine and Chomody Streets and back again for Sunday School. Charming, erudite Dr. S. P. Rose who had been a young colleague of Grandfather's at The Theological College, was a member there; also Lorne C. Webster, afterwards a Senator, and J. W. McConnell. Mr. Webster and later a son and a grandson became Directors of the Old Brewery Mission which was such a deep interest of Aunt Mina's. Mr. McConnell very kindly advised Grandma to reinvest her savings to far better advantage. This led, as rents increased, to the purchase in 1911 of 4193 Sherbrooke Street W. just two doors around the corner from our Mt. Pleasant ~~Abc.~~ house. Neither tram nor bus passed its door in those first years. That good terrace of grey limestone houses was torn down some fifty years later. The house remained my home for nearly 30 years.

When Mrs. E. H. Botterell's three daughters were no longer available to accompany their mother to Europe, which she loved, she depended more and more on Aunt Mary for companionship. They were very congenial and one year Mrs. Botterell took my Aunt to New York where they saw the Valkyries. On her return George and I were thrilled to hear about the Opera and how Brunhilde rode onto the stage on a magnificent horse. We admired Aunt Mary's independent spirit - no puritanic Methodist traditions could hold her down, and she was unsympathetic to Grandma's strict taboo on cards, dancing and the theatre. In 1911 Mrs. Botterell invited Aunt Mary to go abroad as her guest and urged Grandma to give her consent. Rather reluctantly Grandma agreed to this generous offer. For George and me, her trip was full of educational value in many ways for a multitude of picture postcards came to us from Paris, Italy and Egypt. I still have the album in which we placed these. George would pour over the series of great paintings and sculpture, recognizing as old friends many of them when together we visited the great galleries of Paris in 1919 and Italy in 1923.

During these school years there was much talk in our house about the right of Home Rule in Ireland and about Lloyd George's Budget. I remember writing one essay on the Budget and one on the Nebular Hypothesis about which George and I were enthusiastic. My school mates thought I was a bit crazy and my teachers, to my disappointment seemed amused. My opinion of them went down and has so remained. In his third year of High School George planned with two other boys and their Latin Master, Mr. Worsfold, a mountain climber, an overnight expedition to Mount St. Hilaire. It is a comment on the times that the death of King Edward VII on May 6, 1910, a day before this little trip was to take place, led George to enquire of Grandma whether they ought not to call it off. She wisely said No. They went to the little mountain, climbed up to the crater lake and then raced to the highest point, Mr. Worsfold beating George by an arms length. During these formative years our horizons were further broadened by evening lectures to which we were occasionally taken, to the Natural History rooms, on Phillips Square I think, as also was the Montreal Art Gallery in its earlier days when we listened to a lecture on Holman Hunt's painting, The Light of the World; to the McGill Physics Building to hear Professors Callendar and John Cox; to the new Art Gallery on Sherbrooke Street to hear Richard Moulton, then of Chicago, eloquent British Scholar, on the Alcestes of Euripides and on Browning's Caliban upon Setebos; and an illustrated lecture by the Toronto Professor Mavor on French paintings in which having been wine'd too well, he nearly convulsed us by humming and hawing over a slide of a yacht close-hauled in a gale with spray flying, which he eventually called "Millet's Canoeists". Dr. Moulton preached a sermon in St. James Methodist Church which neither of us ever forgot, the subject being the "greatest verse in the Bible" -- "What does thy Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God". Vividly he described the setting, the Lord holding controversy with His people, the mountains and strong foundations of the earth as judges, the story of Baalam and Balak, defense, response and verdict -- "He hath shewed thee, O man what is good". This was a dramatic presentation of the highest order.

The autumn of 1911 saw George enter the Faculty of Applied Science at McGill University. At first he headed toward electrical engineering, switched to chemical and graduated in 1920 in mining, with a vast range of experiences on that long and winding road. I entered the Faculty of Arts in the autumn of 1912 and gained my B.A. at the same Convocation as George won his B. Sc., in the spring of 1920. I do not remember that George had any really inspiring Professors in those early McGill years. An exception was Professor Nevil Norton Evans in Chemistry whom he greatly admired, as did I later when I got to know him as a senior colleague after 1923. My one course in University chemistry was

given by 'Bobby' Ruttan with young Dr. McIntosh as demonstrator, and both were good. McIntosh afterwards became Chief Chemist of Shawinigan. Professors Latham in English and Fryer in Ancient History I found dull. I valued the comments on my essays, so carefully read by Miss Cameron, and I struggled to keep abreast of Mlle Gréterin in French and Mr. Slack in Latin Grammar, but Latin texts with that erratic genius Professor John Macnaughton were a revelation to me. Mathematics with James Harkness and T. Ridler Davies carried me into a marvellous new world of thought. Two excellent teachers, Dr. Howard T. Barnes and Dr. A.S. Eve opened up the great visible and invisible world of physics. I cannot recall any moment of doubt about my choice of honour mathematics and physics.

An event of ecumenical significance took place at McGill during my first year, the establishment of the Co-operating Theological Colleges, bringing Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Anglican theological students to the same classroom for those subjects which these denominations held in common. These included Old and New Testaments, Hebrew, History and Philosophy of religion. This was hailed as a great pioneering effort and it caused a ripple which was felt far beyond the confines of Canada. For the occasion public addresses were given by distinguished visitors, John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer and three great lectures on Dante by the English scholar Bishop Boyd Carpenter. I sat enthralled by these lectures and never forgot one sentence, "Man cannot attain unto the highest without surrender of spirit to the God who gave it." I promptly invested in Cary's translation of The Vision of Dante. Opening that book today in February 1975 I happened on the words "vanquish thy weariness / By the mind's effort Silent performance maketh best return". How modern that sounds in these days of psychophysiology.

Neither George nor I could dance, so we never shared the social life of student conversaciones or dances. But as our study schedules allowed, we joined happily in athletics, he in gymnastics, swimming and track, I in gymnastics, indoor races and basketball. Saturday afternoons saw us exploring every part of Mt. Royal on foot or skis, usually alone but sometimes with our friend, Etienne Biéler. George occasionally skied with a tall, handsome senior Arts man, Dick Ferguson, whose brother in later years became Editor of the Montreal Star. We both admired Dick deeply. He and I had one class in common, C. T. Sullivan's Analytical Geometry. He sometimes invoked George's aid in taking a rather wild group of underprivileged 'settlement' boys for hikes on the mountain. Two years later Dick's name was among the missing; it is enshrined in my thoughts "on the Menin Gate".

In the mid-winter of 1914, on February 10, our beloved Grandmother died, aged 82. The strong yet gentle centre of our home was gone, but life had to go on. We went as usual to Ashkirk that summer

although Aunt Mary was showing signs of a strange undiagnosed affliction, periods of daze and muscular tensions. August came and on the fourth day as we were on the side verandah after tea, the Montreal paper brought the news of the declaration of war on Germany. I recall vividly the scene, George standing by the rockery and saying "I must go". We were stunned. The next evening Dr. F. D. Adams paddled down to our island from Sagasteweka and advised George to return to McGill in the autumn, continue his studies, joining the C.O.T.C. for military training. He pointed out the folly of placing men with skilled training and leadership qualities in the ranks and urged him to postpone enlisting until his greatest potential for service would be utilized.

This wise counsel prevailed and that autumn we both enrolled for the penultimate year for our degrees. The McGill C.O.T.C. was commanded by the Scottish Professor of anatomy, Dr. A. C. Geddes with Percy Nobbs, Professor of architecture, an expert fencer, as instructor in bayonet drill. Evening lectures and weekend route marches made a strenuous programme for the students. Because of his proficiency in drill, George was made a Lance Corporal and I was very proud. Early in the autumn Geddes left for England to become Major, later Colonel, in the 17th Northumberland Fusiliers, a pioneer battalion raised by his brother Eric Geddes, President of the Northeastern Railway. Auckland Geddes sent for Professor Nobbs early in 1915 to take charge of bayonet instruction. Nobbs later invited George to come over as 2nd Lieutenant. In April, excused from final examinations, he was granted his year. Aunt Mina, George and I left for New York stayed a night in the Wentworth Hotel and waved farewell on April 10 as an American liner, S.S. Transylvania carried George on his way to the war.

I completed the academic year in normal fashion in May. Looking back over that year I recall the thrill in the early autumn when Sir Ernest Rutherford addressed the Physical Society on his way back to England from Australia. The outbreak of war came when the British Association was about to meet in Adelaide and at its conclusion most returned to England through the Arabian Sea, Suez and the Mediterranean, a few including Rutherford, across the Pacific and North America. I had been studying radioactivity for two years, a subject which fascinated me and this lecture by the great Rutherford on his latest discoveries provided exciting new knowledge of the disintegration sequence. Rutherford had been a Professor at McGill 1898 - 1907 and we often sat in the very lecture room in which he had first announced the Law of Radioactive Disintegration, so he was already a legend to all physics students at McGill.

That 1915 summer we spent at the island. George's letters were eagerly awaited, always full of interest: London, where he stayed with the McArthurs while buying his equipment and having his uniform made; Hull where his regiment was in temporary quarters near the docks which were bombed from a German warship one night; Bardon Moor where regimental manoeuvres were held; visits to Beverly Minster, to Richmond Castle. In one letter, which brought tears to the Aunts' eyes, he said he thanked them daily for their careful training in table manners for manners in the Officers' Mess were impeccable and he had never once felt gauche. Another letter urged us to come over as they expected to be in camp on Salisbury Plain all winter. Mrs. Geddes was going over with her small children and we decided to get tenants into the Westmount house and go too.

Tenants were found and in mid-September we went to New York and sailed on the S. S. Philadelphia of the American Line, a huge American flag painted on both sides of her hull, strongly flood lit at night to warn off German submarines. I thought we would be away for one year, but four long years were to pass before we saw Canada again.

WAR YEARS: ENGLAND, FRANCE and FLANDERS.

1915-1919

The Northumberland Fusiliers, The Fifth Regiment of the Line, through prowess in some campaign had won the title, The Fighting Fifth. Having outstandingly distinguished themselves in some early battle on the 23rd of April, St. George's Day, they were granted the right to have St. George and the Dragon as their regimental badge and were given the unique honour of permission to wear a rose on their uniforms on April 23. Soon after George joined the 17th battalion in 1915, field sports were arranged for St. George's Day. As 2nd Lieut. attached to 13th platoon, he had to lead his team in the obstacle race. A formidable course had been set up and George led his team to victory. For this he received a gold medal which he subsequently had mounted as a brooch which he gave to me.

Most of the summer they were in camps in Yorkshire, Hull, Bardon Moor and elsewhere, the junior officers attending evening lectures on military history and tactics. Usually A.C.Geddes was lecturer. George wrote that "nearly everybody smokes and I am smoked." By September, they were in barracks at Codford on Salisbury Plain. Here he first rode horseback. Col. Pearson asked him one morning to ride somewhere with him. George did not tell him he had never been on a horse, but quietly asked the sargeant to give him a quiet mount. Something detained the Colonel who told George to go on ahead. As he was overtaking him he noticed a private stop and stare at George but not salute him. Drawing rein by the man moments later, he inquired why no salute, to be told that the Officer was holding on so grimly and looked so distraught that he forgot to salute. The Colonel's amusement spread throughout the mess! But George learned rapidly, became an excellent horseman, and quickly established a close understanding and trust with every horse he rode even for a short time, whether in England or later in France.

He obtained leave to go to Liverpool to meet us when S. S. Philadelphia landed us safely in late September. I remember that evening in the hotel bedroom he brought in a hired gramophone and some records including All Through the Night whose haunting melody to this day carries me back to that Liverpool reunion and my wonder at the change in George — a maturity and happy self-assurance in no way reducing his great gentle warmth of affection and tender solicitude for Aunt Mary who was obviously far from well. He had secured lodgings for us in Warminster, one of Wiltshire's nice old towns, and we settled in there, as we thought, for the winter. George cycled over from Codford several evenings a week until one afternoon when he arrived very excited with the

news that we would all go up to London next day for he had five days leave before the battalion was to leave for France. This was rather a bombshell, but off to London we went staying in Bloomsbury at the Ivanhoe Hotel (Rate per day 7/6 bed and breakfast). This was a good time in spite of the shadow of war, and more than a shadow for the Zeppelin raids had been in progress. Actually it was the end of that Zeppelin period for the losses proved to be too great and the airplane raids over London were about to begin.

We returned to Wiltshire. Secrecy surrounded the date of departure but we saw a long troop train moving westward and it took the 17th N.F. to a west coast port from which they were transported to Le Havre. George's letters came frequently, but could tell us little: long marches, mud and noise; the job of censoring his men's letters; his wonderful Batman named Swindon, a north countryman whose songs enlivened many social events when they were back in a rest camp, "The Bladen Races", "The Down Train Up, Sir", "The Eleven-sixty nine". These letters were never gloomy or introspective.

Warminster provided no suitable form of war work, so we moved to London to lodgings at 26 Princes Square, Bayswater, a district very familiar to us from our 1903-4 winter on Chepstow Place. We were again near Kensington Gardens and the McArthur's house. Aunt Mina, then fifty-seven years old, found interesting and much needed volunteer work with a group of devoted women making surgical boots to individual specifications under the supervision of a paid professional shoemaker. With her awls and special ruler she soon became quite expert in this exacting work.

My twenty-first birthday came in the early winter. I had applied to the Civil Service employment office in response to the call for replacements to fill the positions left vacant by men who had enlisted and I found myself assigned to the Debenture Branch of the Customs House which faces onto the Pool of London just east of Billingsgate Fish Market, a wonderful part of Old London. In hurried lunch hours I explored its Wren Churches, The Monument, and over London Bridge to old Southwark Cathedral, contenting myself with a quick cup of soup, a roll and coffee in the Customs House Cafeteria. My companion occasionally was Violet MacKintosh, a University of London graduate, assigned to the Debenture Branch at the same time that I was. We became life long friends and I learned much in political thought from her. She was some years older than I. Her only brother, Alan MacKintosh was one of the young Oxford Poets who lost his life early in the war. Two of his little books of verse are at Ashkirk. After the war Violet

lived in Oxford. Strangely enough, as I learned after George's marriage in 1924, Violet's younger sister, Muriel, began her medical course with Olga Crichton at the London School of Medicine for Women and the family had for years lived in Brighton, next door to Dr. Bieneman, Olga's maternal grandfather.

Violet Mackintosh and I found ourselves in a large office overlooking The Pool of London with some two dozen clerks. All the bills of lading of ships carrying for export from the Port of London goods containing sugar or tobacco came to us. We were in the sugar section and had to list the goods, weight, percent of sugar content and rate of import duty on the sugar used in the manufacture. This amount was to be refunded to the firm on all goods going to the Armed Forces overseas or to neutral countries. As the import duty had risen at least four times, ($\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{9}$ to $\frac{11}{6}$ to $\frac{14}{8}$ or some such figures). We had to check for a signed declaration that the firm was not claiming at a rate higher than was justified. Also we had to check for a sworn declaration that the goods were not, to the exporter's knowledge, destined eventually for an enemy country. The chief of our section was elderly, Mr. Edwards, who sat by the window at a desk piled high with second hand book catalogues. He did quite a trade in old books and never seemed much burdened with the work of the office. He was an ardent Socialist. I bought a copy of John Couch Adams' Lunar Theory from him, a little book far beyond my comprehension. ~~I lent it to some one at Queen's and never saw it again.~~ Another Chief bore the name of Snooks. He was in charge of the tobacco section, was tall, thin and humourless, and was the butt of endless office pranks and jokes. At that time Great Britain still relied on a volunteer army. Lord Derby had originated what became known as the Derby Group System. Young men between 18 and 43 who did not enlist at once were urged to register in accordance with age classification and to respond when their Group was called up. Many of the clerks in our office were in this category and there was a restlessness evident. Twice on my lunch hour roving an armed soldier threatened, not too seriously, to shoot me. One day I crossed the drawbridge to the main gate of the Tower of London to be ordered away by a soldier on guard there. I did not then know that traitors were incarcerated within its ancient walls and more than one was shot there. In the dry moat, bayonet practice went on daily. Another day I went to see St. Katherine Dock just east of Tower Bridge, the Dock where Grandfather Vibert loaded his ship on many occasions. This too was forbidden territory and I was abruptly warned off, gun very much in evidence.

My busy days in the Customs House, $5\frac{1}{2}$ days per week, for which the remuneration was £ 1. 9. 10, came abruptly to an end towards the close of February, 1916. Aunt Mary's nervous attacks became worse and her eyesight failed rapidly, leading to a Harley Street diagnosis of tumor on the brain and an immediate operation by a gifted Canadian surgeon, Mr. Armour. The tumor, non-malignant

was removed but the diagnosis had come too late and her sight was gone. Her courage was magnificent during the almost five years that she lived in darkness and with intermittent attacks, usually at night, of semi-unconsciousness and intense muscular contractions. We kept a little bell by her bed and I slept, throughout those years, with half an ear open for the tinkle that would bring me to her side with an hypodermic needle to relieve the condition.

That winter it had become obvious that in spite of Britain's deep pride in a volunteer army, conscription was inevitable. Recruiting posters were everywhere, one in particular was unforgettable, depicting a stern visaged Lord Kitchener with finger outstretched and the words "I want you". One day in Trafalgar Square I saw Mrs. Pankhurst on the high base of Nelson's Column giving an eloquent and impassioned recruiting speech. I had a deep dislike to women urging men to enlist. Women were beginning to replace men in almost every conceivable civilian job and would soon be enrolling in The Women's Land Army for agricultural work and in the unprecedented formation of the services of the W.A.C.S., WRENS, and WAFS. Asquith introduced a Conscription bill hotly debated by the ultra-conservative Members of both parties for Britain's pride in her volunteer army was very deep. When it passed, Sir John Simon, and another distinguished member of the Government, whose name I forget, resigned in protest. The date set was March 2, 1916, and up went posters which read "Will You March Too Or Wait For March Two?" The day came and went quietly and the whole complicated machinery of National Registration, Medical classification and Local and Appeal Tribunals came into operation throughout the British Isles.

Letters from George referred vaguely to trenches, dug-outs, duck walks and light railways; occasionally he asked for a book, Gibson's Hydrolics, Butler's Mineralogy, or for razor blades. Our weekly parcels kept him supplied with peppermints, chocolate, paper backs, cake and dried fruit. I sent Field to him weekly which he greatly enjoyed. Sometimes two or three parcels would get to him at the same time. In the spring he wrote that a parcel of spare kit would arrive. We knew this signified preparation for an attack somewhere on the line. Actually it was the Battle of the Somme beginning on July 1, 1916. Once he wrote about the construction of a ramp over some obstacle the light railway had to pass. Those light railways had to be kept in repair under bombardment, for supplies had to go forward to the trenches and the wounded had to be brought back. Another time he described his adventure on a hand car returning from near the front line when he saw a General walking basecampwards and offered him a ride. The track led down a hill where their speed increased so greatly that the car jumped the track at a curve and General, Corporal and George rolled head over heels, none the worse for the spill except an accretion of mud.

Laughter engulfed them for the General was a good sport.

I had learned to ride a bicycle before leaving Warminster, and when in the 1916 summer we left London for a month, taking rooms with a gardener and his daughter in the lovely Surrey village of Shere, I did many miles of cycling, exploring that beautiful North Downs countryside. I think those rides kept me sane as well as providing something fresh to talk about to Aunt Mary. St. Martha's hill and old grey church with Stephen Langton legends, its roof and square tower camouflaged with potted fir trees to obscure its silhouette from guiding enemy planes to bomb Chilworth, a small historic gun powder factory at the foot of the hill; Merron Down and Newland's Corner with its splendid sweep out over the Weald to the South; picturesque Friday Street; Pitch Hill and Sir John Evelyn's Estate; Gomshall with its ancient mechanical clock and Abinger Hammer.

In late September George got home on leave. We all went to Worthing for a few marvellous days. We drove to see Sompting Church, one of the few remaining churches with a Saxon spire. On return to London, George called on Brig. Gen. A. C. Geddes who was then Director of Recruiting at the War Office Annex, the commandeered National Liberal Club. He asked if there would be a job for me and was told to have me report to the head of the Statistical Branch, Col. Rhind. We were fortunate in finding Miss Paton who became companion to Aunt Mary 5½ days a week, a wonderful little woman full of chat and understanding who could read to her, take her for walks and generally look after her from breakfast until late afternoon. This freed me to take up work again and relieved Aunt Mina from continuous strain so that she could resume her work three of four ^{time} afternoons a week at the surgical boot workroom.

On October 15, 1916, I began work as head of women clerks in D. R. 8 of the War Office. My immediate chief was Mr. Munford, a retired non-commissioned Officer of the Indian Army. Under him were about five men and a dozen women clerks. Our office had been the reading room of the National Liberal Club, its windows facing the back of the War Office, its large corner bay window giving a view of Whitehall Place. Col. Rhind and three or four Officers had the office next door. Gen. Geddes had a large office overlooking the Embankment. I was in it only once but almost every morning I saw him stride into our office about 11:00 A.M. to look at the list of recruitments of the previous day in each of some sixty or more recruiting centres in the British Isles and Ireland. These figures came by telegram six mornings a week. I can still see him moving his finger down the long list and then telling Mr. Munford to telegraph this one and this and this and this that their totals were not enough. His amazing memory kept the populations and

circumstances of each centre in his mind. There were the Reserved Occupations for example and the Mining, Agriculture, Munitions workers, Railway workers and Dock labourers, *from which groups recruitment was limited.*

Of course there were no radios in those days, and the daily newspaper kept us abreast of the war news. When something occurred and a 'Special' was issued, boys came through the streets and squares shouting 'Special' and the reason for it. Such an occasion was when I heard a boy shouting "Lord Kitchener drowned!" And then was "Battle of Jutland — British Warships sunk". Both events brought a shock to the people, although there were many, Violet Mackintosh among them, who had held the opinion for months that Kitchener was too old, too inflexible to realize the new problems of modern warfare, and to give the dynamic, imaginative leadership required.

The women clerks in our office copied onto huge square sheets of paper all the data from each recruiting centre under about sixteen headings: Direct enlistment; Group enlistments; with medical classifications (A1, A2, A3, B1, B2, B3, C) and Class (conscripted), numbers, also by medical classifications; and Rejections. When a sheet was fully entered up, vertical and horizontal additions had to be made and the two grand totals had to agree. How those poor clerks slaved over those additions! They were a mixed group, one middle aged widow, several in the 30-45 year range and a few bright "flappers" who proved very reliable. I suggested that adding machines should be used to save time. The Colonel was consulted and agreed that I should make enquiries from Burroughs on the Strand and arrange for a trial period. What a day! A young woman arrived with a machine with noisy click-click keys and a clang-clang lever used between one entry and the next. All the clerks, men and women were distracted by the noise and, of course, furious with me and at five P.M. her two grand totals did not agree! I stayed an hour overtime checking for her wrong entries on yards and yards of the narrow paper tape, eventually finding the errors, but I did not have to be told that no repetition of that experiment was wanted.

On the 9th of November, 1917, the installation of the new Lord Mayor of London brought a Canadian Alderman, Sir Charles Hansen, to that high office. Aunt Mina knew him for he had been for a short time a student of her Father's before deciding to represent his family's financial firm in London. He sent my Aunt two tickets for the steps of the Mansion House, so she and I watched the little gilded coach and the long procession on their way to the Guildhall. When I had asked Mr. Munford for an extension of lunch hour he had said "Oh! no one gets back on time on Lord Mayor's Show Day. Everyone gets caught in the crowds!". That autumn the

work of the statistical department increased with new types of weekly reports with more details about recruitments from the reserved occupations; and also reports from the hundreds of Local Tribunals, lesser number of Appeal Tribunals and one special House of Commons Appeal Tribunal presided over by Sir, Donald Maclean and later by Lionel Rothchild. All these came straight to me and thence forth I was directly responsible to a junior officer in Colonel Rhind's office, first Mr. Orrick and later Capt. Gordon with both of whom I had excellent rapport. I dealt with the special reports myself, but I needed four or five clerks to tabulate the Local Tribunals, only doing the Summary Report myself. With this development I was fully occupied and was very happy. The Tribunal report gave the number of applications heard, number of absolute exemptions granted, of temporary exemptions, of cancellations and of cases pending. After a few weeks I made a graph on squared paper of the whole exemption picture and the number of recruitments resulting from cancelled exemptions. Mr. Orrick saw this on my desk, took it to Col. Rhind who evidently showed it to Gen. Geddes who sent for me. I found about six staff officers grouped around his desk. I explained the three scales of ordinates and the corresponding coloured ink curves and got so nervous watching all these men gazing at the simple, little graph that I slipped away back to my own office - rather a strange thing to do, but I heard no more of it save the return of my graph which I kept up to date for my own interest. However very soon three low medical classification privates appeared in our office with instructions to make coloured charts of percentages of some recruiting data, and there they sat all day doing simple percentages by long division. I was sure they were near-shell-shock cases and I felt so sorry for them that when I had a free moment I would take my slide rule and chair over to one of them and run off percentages for him ten times as fast as he could do them. I suggested to Col. Rhind that he buy three 10-inch slide rules and I would teach the men to use them. He ~~evidently~~ made some enquiries for he asked me a few days later to go to such and such a shop on the Strand to see a much superior slide rule which he would order if I so recommended. This turned out to be the long Fuller's rule wound on a cone, slow to operate but accurate to five or six significant figures. Three figure accuracy was all we required and I told Col. Rhind his suggestion was useless and the 10-inch rule for each clerk was what was needed. He made no comment and that was the end of the matter. I made no further effort to introduce labour saving devices into the British War Office, but continued to use my own little 10-inch which has been my joy and delight since I entered McGill in 1912, and continues to this day to aid me with my annual Income Tax and now the Celsius to Fahrenheit equivalents, not to forget all the help it provided in the years of astrophysical research. When on Jan. 1, 1918, my name was in the New Year Honours list in the Times, I felt and still feel that my slide rule and my little graph deserved the credit.

One late afternoon a fawn coloured visitor's slip was handed to Mr. Munford. He came to my desk and handed it to me with the words "Lieut. G. V. Douglas is in the corridor". What a surprise. His second leave had been suddenly authorized with no time to notify us. Almost every evening we did something special: Chu Chin Chow, The Maid of the Mountain, The Luck of the Navy, a concert in the Royal Albert Hall and one of the great operas which Sir Thomas Beecham was putting on at popular prices in Drury Lane. These Drury Lane performances were the first grand opera I had ever heard and provided an education in themselves, for during those war years in London I heard the Valkyrie, Meistersinger, Tannhauser, Ivan the Terrible, Faust, Carmen and perhaps others; in later years, Faust, Damnation of Faust and La Boheme in Paris, Carmen in Cologne in 1922, La Boheme in Leningrad in 1953, Marriage of Figaro in 1950 in New York and a deeply impressive Parsifal in Covent Garden in 1930.

With the cessation of Zeppelin raids, the airplane bombings were stepped up. Many a night we heard the explosions in the distance and the anti-aircraft guns. East and South London suffered most but one night the main Post Office was hit while night staff were at work with a loss of life not reported in the press but rumours ran high. One bomb fell on the embankment and spattered the base of Cleopatra's needle. At lunch hour next day I went to see the damage. A string of bombs fell one night along a terrace near Paddington Station. This was perhaps a mile from our lodgings. The din was terrific and this was the worst devastation I saw during the war, walls shattered, skeleton of upper stories sagging, an iron bedstead poised half over the edge of one sloping floor, the whole front of the house blown out. One evening a fearful explosion, when a bomb hit a chemical factory in East London, caused all our windows to rattle and many were shattered by the blast miles from the scene. The first raid over London in full daylight took place when I was at my desk so concentratedly at work at my figures that I noticed nothing until Mr. Munford came to my desk and said "Haven't you realized yet that an air raid is on?" Then I heard the gun fire and explosion thuds moving westward over North London and I felt the tension in the room where all work had stopped and one of my clerks, a tall, thin middle aged woman, was as white as a sheet. The clerks in offices overlooking the Embankment saw the German bombers coming in across the Thames.

In the summer of 1917 we took lodgings for a month in Richmond near the river and it's lovely terraced garden and near a delightful little tea house close to the Richmond - Kew Bridge. I commuted daily to Charing Cross Station and learned never to forget my umbrella, no matter how beautiful the early morning. George got another week of leave so I arranged for part of my holiday then and we took our Aunts canoeing on fine days, racing every boat, canoe or rowboat, which showed any signs of challenging us → a lovely stretch of the Thames up to Eel Pie Island.

This outdoor relaxation was just what George needed for though he never talked (save very occasionally to me alone) of the carnage, the wounded, the dying, the mud and blood, the roar of artillery, the shrill streak of noise as a shell whistled overhead, I was aware of the strain he was under; and especially when he had to lead a volunteer party of his Company (for by this time he was a Captain in charge of D Company) ~~out~~ ^{out} at night into No Man's Land to repair breaches in barbed wire defences. Moonlight nights were the worst for the snipers aim could be deadly. In the winter of 1916 on the Somme when out beyond the trenches and dugouts, crawling forward on hands and knees in the darkness he had plucked a handful of grass and stuffed it in his pocket. This he sent to me in a letter a few days later. I have just looked at it folded into my 1911 copy of Grandfather's Sermons and Discourses and I touch it with a feeling of reverence and deep love as I wonder for the many hundredth time how any of those brave men came home alive and sound in mind and spirit. In Jan. 2, 1916, The Times published Field Marshall Sir Douglas Haig's list of those "Mentioned in Dispatches". From the 17th N.F., two names were on that list, Maj. W. D. King and Lt. G. V. Douglas. A second mention list about a year later also included George and the New Year Honour List on Jan. 1, 1918, brought him the Military Cross.

During 1917 discontent in the United Kingdom increased over the intense military call-up under the Conscription Act. One side of the problem of whom to take and whom to exempt arose amongst ~~Medical~~ Men. So many of the younger men - i.e. under 43 - were sent overseas with the R.A.M.C. to cope with the huge number of casualties that the middle aged and older doctors at home were becoming more and more overworked and there were fears of illness amongst the civilian population reaching epidemic proportions. German measles was rampant. I had had it in 1916 winter. The decisions of the Local and Appeal Tribunals were being questioned so often that the Government decided to transfer all recruitment and tribunal procedures from ~~Military~~ to ~~Civilian~~ jurisdiction. A Department of National Service had been set up some time already, but under the inept direction of Neville Chamberlain it had accomplished nothing but a grandiose scheme of national registration which led nowhere. Now all recruiting was taken out of the hands of the War Office. Sir Auckland Geddes became Minister of National Service. He and all his Military Staff put their khaki uniforms in moth balls and reverted overnight to civilian garb. We were told to tie up all our papers, reports and files, clearly labeled with our names and sections, leave them on our desks at noon, take a half holiday and report for work next morning at the Hotel Windsor on Victoria Street almost opposite the Army and Navy Stores. The nearest Inner Circle Station was St. James Park. My office, shared with Mr. Marsden and his one elderly clerk was on

the third floor overlooking Christ Church and its green churchyard to the east. We were no longer D.R.8 but S.3 an independent unit consisting of Marsden and me and our five clerks, his elderly, slightly lame Indian Army Veteran who had two sons on active service in France, my four not-so-young clerks in an office nearby and our young officer Capt. Gordon in the room adjoining mine. The other D.R.8 people were in S.1 and S.2 under Mr. Munford completely separate from us in rooms down the corridor, all three sections under Col. Rhind with whom I only spoke four times in all my months in the Ministry.

I was tremendously happy in this new set-up. More and more responsibility was given me. In addition to all the Tribunal returns, many special records were in my hands as the man power of the country was combed for more replacements for the fighting and support forces. The target set for the first six months of 1918 was half a million men. I never knew whether it was reached but the need was desperate if a turning point in the war were to be made. One of my tasks was to estimate on the basis of the first three weeks of a month what would be the month's contribution from terminated tribunal exemptions. These estimates I was to send to a list of about eight persons in our ministry, in the War Office, The Admiralty (I think the Third Lord), a Dr. Atkinson and I think, Sir, Robt. Horne. Only once was I rather far out in my estimate for the 4th week and that was when further call-up of the Northampton bootmakers was abruptly stopped and I was not informed until too late to make allowances. When the select list was given me what seemed an obvious name in our Ministry was not on it and Mr. Orrick said "Don't send a copy to Mr. Crystal, he would not understand it." He then told me this Crystal was the son of a distinguished Scottish Professor of Mathematics, famed for a book I knew well, Crystal's Algebra. This son was a brilliant classical scholar, who was admitted to Edinburgh University on condition that he complete the entrance requirements in mathematics which he had failed dismally. While outstandingly successful in everything else, he again failed in mathematics. The Faculty decided to allow him to enter his second year limiting the Mathematics requirements to geometry only. This he failed. In desperation they told him to proceed to third year and show that he knew one proposition of the five first propositions of Euclid. He memorized them word perfect, wrote out the proof of the one selected for him, took his paper triumphantly up to the invigilator but having handed it over he suddenly froze — "Oh, I forgot to draw the picture"! Sequel: he was granted his degree nevertheless.

This was a long anxious winter. Night air raids were frequent, a deep salient was pushed into the allied front line. My eye often fell on the map of the Western Front cut out each morning from the Daily Express which I bought at the Underground Station at Queen's Road (now Queensway). Aunt Mary bore up bravely in spite

of the recurrent bad attacks, but Aunt Mina was beginning to show signs of the strain and anxiety. Every Sunday afternoon and once in mid-week she took apples or other fruit to the Endell St. Hospital, staffed entirely by women save for a few orderlies for heavy lifting. It was for spinal injury cases, all overseas soldiers, Canadians and Anzacs chiefly. Seeking out the lonely ones, with no visitors she would talk with them, perhaps write a letter or read to them. This was exhausting work but very rewarding as I found out on two or three Sunday afternoons when she was suffering from colds and I went in her place. Dr. Flora Murray and Dr. Garrett-Anderson (daughter of the distinguished pioneer woman in medicine in Great Britain, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett-Anderson), were the chief surgeons and did wonderful work. Once a week Aunt Mina met me for lunch at Gorings, a few blocks from my office. One Saturday we took a bus north to St. Albans, explored the ruins of Verulamium, Boadacia's ancient city, St. Michael's Church with the tomb of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, the more than 1100 year old Fighting Cocks Inn (claiming to be the oldest in England) and of course, the Cathedral. One spring Saturday we went to Kingston-on-Thames, and took the river boat up the winding Thames to Windsor, a lovely trip. A postman to whom we spoke directed us to a cottage where we took a room for the night. The friendly landlady told us that the King and Queen were at the Castle and that he usually rode in the early morning in Windsor Great Park, so before 8:00 A.M. that Sunday morning we were standing outside the walls of the Castle near the gate that opens to the Long Avenue of the Park. Soon from the woods out cantered the King and Princess Mary followed by two equeries. They came up the Avenue at a brisk clip, slowed to a walk up the slope to the gates. As they passed us and a nurse maid with her pram, George V looked straight at Aunt Mina and raised his hat. Princess Mary looked neither right nor left. We were elated as we went to our lodgings for breakfast. Later we walked in the public part of the Castle grounds and along the battlements, went into the beautiful St. George's Chapel and saw little Prince John come down a sloping passage on his scooter, zoom around in front of a sentry who snapped to the salute and then propelled himself back up the passage into the private part of the Castle. We went over to Eton and to Stoke Pogis, had an hours row on the river and took the train back to London, with lots to talk about to Aunt Mary. Usually on Sundays, she liked to go to church, quite often to The Temple Church to hear Bishop Barnes, one of the leaders in the Modern Churchman's Movement. His remarkable voice seemed to come as from the depths of a well and I can still hear his prayer "And that there may never be wanting a due supply of men to serve God in Church and State" The boy's and men's Choir at The Temple had the finest diction I have ever listened to, every word of a psalm being distinctly enunciated. The little old Chapel Royal Savoy, tucked in near the river below the Strand, was another favorite; and many times we heard Bishop Boyd Carpenter, the Dante scholar, in Westminster Abbey, where he was a Canon. Another treat for us all was music, Royal Albert Hall

concerts with Clara Butt and many other fine soloists, The Messiah twice a year, Elijah, Dream of Gerontius, The Creation and in Easter week The Passion Music at St. Ann's Soho, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and elsewhere.

On Jan. 1, 1918, the New Year Honour List included George's Military Cross and, in the Civilian List, my Member of the Order of the British Empire (the bottom rung of a five rung ladder). In early spring I was notified to present myself at about 10:30 A.M. at Buckingham Palace. Ushered first into a coatroom to the right of the front entrance, then up the wide staircase into a long wide corridor whose walls were covered with huge paintings, the women shown to seats in an ante-chamber with gilded chairs and elegant blue velvet curtains, Companions of the Order in the front row, then Officers and Members at the back. A gentleman-in-waiting stood at the open door leading into the large audience chamber. We would hear the names of the men being called and could see them walk to the centre of the room and then re-emerge into our line of vision as they passed out into the corridor at the far side. Our turn came and one by one we entered the room and walked to an equery at the centre, turned facing the King and waited until our name was called. The King in uniform stood on a low dais between two large windows with red and gold hangings, two equeries beside him, one handing the appropriate decoration to him as each recipient came forward. We were told to curtsy, stand to receive the decoration which The King hung on a previously affixed hook on the left lapel, take two steps backward, curtsy again, then turn and depart at the left rear door where the other equery handed over the red leather case for the ribbon and cross. I was petrified and made a poor attempt to follow instructions, but I looked straight into the King's sad, pale eyes and whispered "Thank You". Aunt Mina was waiting for me at Goringes where we had lunch. She returned home and I went to the office with my silver M.B.E. Cross on purple ribbon in it's case to show it to my clerks and to Capt. Gordon. George's investiture took place during his next leave, on the 29th of June, 1918. This took place in the first inner courtyard at Buckingham Palace and he was given two tickets for relatives or friends. Aunt Mina and I were in seats facing the high dais. The recipients sat at the left, ascended in turn walking to the centre of the platform, turning to face the King and saluting. He hung the Cross or Medal on the uniform, again a salute, right turn and march off by the stairway on that side. The first recipient of an honour was a senior Naval Officer who knelt on a cushion before the King and was Knighted. This was a thrilling occasion for us when George stepped before the King and the verse in Proverbs, Chapter 22, is marked with the date in my Bible, "Seest Thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before Kings." That leave had begun with George in the Millbank Officer's Hospital with trench

fever and a shrapnel wound in one foot. With a very hurried lunch, I could just make it down Great Smith Street to the Hospital and back in my lunch hour, extended ten or fifteen minutes giving me just about that much time at his bedside. On discharge, he was granted ten days recuperation leave, the investiture took place, I arranged for my vacation and we all went up the Thames to Goring and over the bridge to Streatley where we found nice lodgings near the river for a week of marvellous hot sunny July days. Aunt Mary enjoyed the motion of a canoe and George found one boatman who had a large Canadian canoe. Daily we set forth in the forenoon, paddled up to some village where we would have a leisurely lunch, proceed further up, portaging one of the numerous locks where necessary, and then downstream again in time for late afternoon tea. One day we drew in at a hamlet and walked to Sinodun Hill, an ancient Roman man-made hill encircled by a deep fosse. Another day we lunched at Wallingford and visited St. Peter's Church where Sir Wm. Blackstone, the great jurist, is buried. I think our limits were Day's Lock, 11 miles up river and Pangbourne, about 5 miles down. This was a marvellous holiday, especially as George's twenty-sixth birthday came in that wonderful week.

Returning to the front apparently none the worse for his bout with fever and shrapnel, it was again trenches and dugouts, sandbags and barbed wire. One day his Company were working at an advanced point when heavy shell fire cut them off completely and some shells fell amongst them. The casualties amongst his men were severe, in some cases quite ghastly. In so far as possible he applied first aid, in the extreme cases giving the maximum morphine dose and attaching to the uniform the tag which would indicate this to the doctor at forward dressing station if indeed the victim lived to be taken there when the curtain of bombardment should lift. The Major of the Combatant Unit amongst whom the Pioneers were working saw that George was deeply shaken by the havoc amongst his men and gave him a cigarette. This was the first cigarette he had ever smoked and it did help him. He never became a cigarette addict but took thankfully to the occasional pipe. In later years he enjoyed two or three pipes a day and more in the bush when the flies were a pestilence, but he gave smoking up overnight in the mid fifties when he first read of the cancer hazard. That 1917-18 winter the 17th N.F. was temporarily transferred to the Royal Engineers, all their N.F. buttons and shoulder identifications being replaced by the R.E. ones. This was a tribute to their high engineering skill in constructing light railways and ramps, dug outs and advance posts. They were sent up to the Belgian coast to strengthen the defences of Nieuport. Out of the shattered walls of the almost deserted town, George suggested that they build a completely covered way to the trenches on the bank of the river, on the opposite side of which were the German lines. Thus all supplies, replacements

or reinforcements could reach the front line without being observed by the enemy whose shell fire ravaged the town daily.

The spring push saw them back in the deadly valley of the Somme, in Ypres and Albert. George decided that almost three years of muddy battlefields were more than enough. He applied for transfer to the Royal Air Force after discussing this with Sir Auckland when in London at the end of June. All that summer he was with the battalion as the Allied advance began to accelerate towards the Yser Canal, and then in late September his transfer came through. It was good-bye to the 17th N.F. (to which they had reverted after the temporary R.E. emergency.) He came back to us in London for a few days before reporting to Slough for pilot's training.

When I had begun work in the War Office in January, 1916, my weekly salary was £2. 1. 10. In mid December it was raised to £2. 11. 4., in mid June 1917 to £2. 14. 4, in February 1918, to £2. 19. 4. On May 1, 1918, I was given £3.5.0. weekly, the highest possible salary for a temporary woman civil servant. Capt. Gordon informed me that recommendations for this figure had to go individually before the Treasury Board and he congratulated me on it having been sanctioned in my case. But a still greater surprise was to follow. The Civil Service inspectors had completed their rounds and had submitted their report. Captain Gordon had laid out samples of Marsden's reports and mine on his table the day the inspectors came to our floor. I could hear their voices in his office and after some time the door opened and three men accompanied by an M.N.S. senior man walked through our office glancing briefly at us and our three desks but saying nothing. Another unheralded inspection took place a few weeks later when I and all the women clerks of the three statistical sections were found drinking our usual 4-o'clock cup of tea in a room equipped with a gas ring, shelves, cups and kettle, a few hard chairs and a large table, on one edge of which I was sitting when the door burst open and in came three men. I slid off the table and said "Good afternoon". One asked a few questions as to the time taken up by this tea break, and they departed apparently satisfied or at least we hoped so. When eventually the Civil Service inspection report came out Capt. Gordon informed me with obvious satisfaction that the Ministry of National Service stood first and S3 headed the departmental listings.

I diverge here to write about Dr. Henry Marshall Tory, one of Canada's great men. He was born in Guysborough, N.S. in 1864, went to McGill University where he entered the Wesleyan Theological College coming under the influence of its Principal, my Grandfather, to whose encouragement and high vision of the

value and importance of broad, thorough education he often paid tribute in later years. He took the degrees B.A, B.D but his keen aptitude for mathematics and physics and rare enthusiasm for teaching led to an appointment as a lecturer, ultimately a full Professor in Mathematics. Thus at an early stage he relinquished the idea of the Christian Ministry and devoted his life to education and science. In this decision Grandfather Douglas fully concurred. McGill sent him to Vancouver to organize the junior years of University courses preparing students to enter 3rd year at McGill. This beginning led to the provincial University of British Columbia which commenced classes in 1915, when the McGill University College of British Columbia ceased to exist. Having established the College he returned to McGill and three years later he left to become President of the University of Alberta which then existed only on paper. His was the dominant role in all it's planning, the buildings, grounds, the faculty, public and governmental relations. When the war came in 1914 he began to think of education for the men in uniform and by 1918 the Khaki University was in operation in London with all its ramifications in France and in camps, military hospitals, forestry corps in the U.K. with classes for illiterates, for matriculants, and for 1st and 2nd year University students during the year long demobilization period.

In 1928 Dr. Tory left Alberta to become the founder and first Director of the National Research Council in Ottawa, and after retirement, when 80 years old, he founded Carleton College, later University, in Ottawa. He became the first President, and a Professor in its earliest years, 1942 to 1947, when he died after a short illness. What a record of achievement for one man! Added to all this were his reports and far vision as Chairman of many provincial and federal Committees and Royal Commissions on agriculture, mining and industry.

Dr. Tory had known our Aunts from his earliest McGill days as a resident student in the Wesleyan College on the McGill grounds, so when he came to London in 1917 to survey the educational needs in the Canadian Army, it was natural for him to look them up. When later he and Mrs. Tory came over to settle in for the duration, Aunt Mina arranged for them to have two rooms in our lodging house while Mrs. Tory looked for more spacious and suitable rooms. Before they moved to quarters near Regent Park, we saw a great deal of them. Dr. Tory felt thwarted and frustrated at what he thought of as "brass hat" obstinacy and bureaucratic arrogance and lack of far vision. Auckland Geddes said to me months later that Tory did not realize that the war had not yet been won and until it was, the military hierarchy had but one all-absorbing task which was "to train men to kill and be killed", so Tory is his own worst enemy, interpreting this absorption as antagonism". I never forgot those grim words nor his insight into Dr. Tory's character.

The hard anxious winter wore on into spring with the all-out effort at home and on the battle fronts to break the German lines and force them into retreat. Air raids increased over Britain, in Easter week we had five successive nights of raids. With the coming of summer the turning point was reached and the enemy lines began to crack, the slow stubborn German retreat began and optimism was high as autumn approached. The work in our office slackened, the sense of urgency was over. At this time Dr. Tory offered me the position of Registrar in the Khaki University and I decided to accept. I gave my resignation to Col. Rhind to take effect in mid September and I wrote a note to Sir Auckland explaining my reason for leaving and my appreciation of the privilege of serving under him in the War Office and in the Ministry of National Service. He sent for me and talked about McGill, about Dr. Tory's wise far-sighted plans for education which were now going ahead with good co-operation from the Military authorities. In this connection he made the comment quoted above about Dr. Tory's earlier impatience. One sentence of Geddes I never forgot, "Few men and fewer women can think in centuries". He then advised me to take a holiday before beginning my new task and when I mentioned the date of commencing my work in the Khaki University he insisted that I leave the Ministry a week earlier than I had planned. Thus it happened that on Sept. 5, 1918, I ceased to be a Civil Servant. Those years had been a deeply valuable experience for me and I left the Hotel Windsor for the last time with a sense of profound sadness, carrying with me an inscribed silver salver from the Officials, and a square brass sundial from my clerks bearing the date 1749 and in the empty space on the dial between the Roman numerals for 8:00 P.M. and 4:A.M. the words "The Night cometh".

During the summer Lady Geddes had invited me for a week end at their house in Harrow-on-the-Hill, so when I left the office at noon one hot sunny Saturday I went straight to the railway station, returning by an early Monday morning train and going directly to the office. Their house had nice grounds and a small cherry orchard with trees laden with fruit. Lady Geddes, her small son Ross, a younger child and a baby lived there with two servants. Sir Auckland was usually able to join her at the week ends. He arrived on the Sunday morning and drove back to London that same evening. There were two or three other house guests and at the evening meal he fascinated us all with his vivid portrayal of Lloyd George at War Cabinet meetings. He gave a dramatic account of a meeting early on in the war when forces in France were being rapidly augmented and the supply of munitions was seriously inadequate, Lloyd George had summoned the heads of the munitions firms and told them the supply must be increased by such and such an amount by such a date. One and all they said he was asking the impossible, it simply could not be done. He

jumped from his chair, paced up and down the room thrashing the air with bent arms and clenched fists saying over and over again "It must be done" and, said Geddes, it was done. Another account of Lloyd George in action was given me one day by Mr. Munford who went into the nearby Caxton Hall to observe a crowded gathering of angry disgruntled working men on whom several government speakers had made no impression. Lloyd George entered the Hall, began speaking, his mesmeric eyes flashing to right, left and centre. He won their support and they filed out to pull their full weight "for the duration". I, too, saw those marvellous eyes after the war at a mass meeting in Montreal in 1920, when Lloyd George visited Canada. Those penetrating flashing eyes under bushy grey brows darted everywhere over that huge crowd, leaving an unforgettable impression after all his words were forgotten.

Mrs. Tory decided to join Aunt Mina and me when Aunt Mary insisted that we plan a weeks holiday in The Isle of Wight. No one of us had ever seen escalator stairs, and when we came on one in Waterloo Station, my two companions panicked. I took my suitcase down, dropped it, returned for my Aunt, took her suitcase and steadied her onto and off the moving stair, then returned to do the same for Mrs. Tory. It was really very funny. We were charmed with the Isle of Wight and our lodgings in Shanklin and by short trips to Carisbrook Castle, Godshill, Ventnor and the Roman Villa excavations near Sandown. Reminders that the war was not yet won were evident in the practice firing of defense guns at dummy submarines put adrift in sight of the cliffs and at smoke clouds exploded high over the water with very small puffs exploding around them as the ack-ack guns got the range. One day we went down to the beach for a swim, but the water was cold and the east wind colder and a quick plunge was quite enough, with a miserable return to the top of the cliff and to our lodgings shivering in dank raincoats over our wet bathing suits. There was no repeat performance.

On Sept. 30, 1918, I began my work at the Khaki University of Canada in one of three houses which Dr. Tory had obtained in Bedford Square, Bloomsbury. The house I was in was on the west side of the square. One day from my office window I saw Mrs. Winston Churchill come to the door. She asked to see over the house and I believe the Churchills moved into it after the Khaki University closed its London Offices. My work there was never busy enough to keep me fully occupied; records from the various camps and hospitals and letters from soldiers inquiring about possible courses of instruction by correspondence. Many such courses were given. One letter, however, asked if we could offer a course in undertaking and embalming!

About the middle of October George's transfer to the Royal Air Force came through. After a day or so with us, he reported for training at Slough, a training which began with intensive work on learning the Morse Code and navigation theory. At the week end he could return to London; but evidently word came from "high-up" that the training of further pilots was to be discontinued for the classes at Slough slackened to a halt in the early days of November and George was told not to report again until further orders. We decided that he must see beautiful Surrey, the lovely North Down country which I had come to know so well in the summer of 1916. Accordingly we took an early Saturday train to Gomshall and walked up onto the Downs. All that summer the dire influenza epidemic had been building up. People were succumbing like flies, sometimes dropping to the sidewalk on their way to work. I had awakened that morning feeling strange but was determined not to give in and spoil George's week end. But as we climbed the hillside I became rapidly worse with dizziness and severe pain in head, neck, shoulders and limbs. I had to confess I could not go on. Returning to the village we drove to Shere where George found lodgings on the outskirts. I dropped thankfully into bed and the local Doctor was called. Four days later I could get up with no worse sensations than weakness, and the next day we took the morning train back to London. As the train drew into the Dorking station we could see and feel the excitement. This was the eleventh day of the eleventh month and the eleventh hour had already struck; The Armistice had been signed.

A young woman in our compartment threw her arms around her Khaki-clad husband saying ecstatically, "You won't have to go back tomorrow!" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I must go back, but the fighting is over." As our train slowly passed through the drab, monotonously ugly streets of London south of Cannongate Station, flags were already decking the scene. The skies were grey and light rain fell intermittenly, *but the people in the streets were obviously excited.*

That afternoon George said he wanted to go out to see what was going on. I must have felt pretty limp for I refused to go. But less than an hour later he returned in great excitement. Dear, generous, wonderful brother, he came back to insist that I make the effort. Of course I went and what an unforgettable experience it was. The atmosphere was electric with wild excitement and rejoicing. We managed to get a bus to Oxford Circus, then walked with the ecstatic cheering crowds down Regent Street, through Piccadilly Circus, through Trafalgar Square, and up the Mall. There in front of Buckingham Palace thousands of people were standing, shouting for King George V to appear. The early dusk of that damp, dark November afternoon was pierced by the powerful searchlight from the top of the Admiralty Arch which focused on the balcony of the wing of the Palace nearest to Green Park. We slowly worked our way to the base of the huge

Queen Victoria Monument and were able to get up a couple of steps with a wide view of the Palace and the milling crowds. After what seemed a long wait, the French doors opened onto the Balcony and out came the King, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, two younger Princes (The Prince of Wales was in France) and, I think, Queen Alexandra, so greatly beloved by the British people. The cheering was tremendous. After a period of saluting by King George and waving by others, the Royal Party withdrew. Everyone felt the climax had been reached and the crowds began to disperse. I have no recollection of how we got home, tired, damp but jubilant and very deeply thankful that the war was over.

George had now severed connection with the 17th N.F. and was not wanted for the R.A.F., demobilization was inevitably far off in the future, so he applied to the War Office for extended leave as a soldier student to attend The Royal School of Mines in South Kensington. This was granted and six happy months followed.

Activity at the Khaki University greatly increased. Full undergraduate courses were planned and arrangements completed to open Khaki College at Richmond in Yorkshire. An adjutant was sent from Canadian Headquarters to handle the transfer of the selected students from their army units or ships or air bases. Young men already well advanced in their University studies were placed in British Universities. All this gradually led to a diminution of work in my office and when spring came I resigned. Two special events of that winter are clearly etched in my memory, the funerals of Edith Cavell and of Capt. Fryatt. Nurse Cavell had been executed by the Germans in Belgium for aiding convalescent men to escape from the hospital of which she was Matron. Capt. Fryatt's ship was torpedoed in the North Sea and no effort was made to rescue him. Indignation ran high in Britain. I went down to Westminster, standing by the railing by the west door of the Abbey as the funeral procession brought Edith Cavell's body from Victoria Station for burial in the Abbey. The shrill wail of the fifes, the muffled beat of the drums accompanied the gun carriage to the Abbey door. I cannot remember how Capt. Fryatt's body was recovered, but it was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral and again I was one of the huge crowds that gathered to pay homage to a brave man. Again the solemn funeral dirge this time coming up Ludgate Hill to the west door, a Naval Guard of Honour accompanying the casket.

When the New Year had come, January, 1919, I began to feel the need to get back to my own studies and made arrangements to sit in at lectures at the Royal College, South Kensington, by the Professor of Mathematics, Dr. A. R. Forsyth. He and Dr. James Harkness, my Professor at McGill, had been respectively First and Second Wrangler in the Cambridge Tripos in their year.

Forsyth got a mathematics chair in Britain, Harkness a chair in the U.S.A. and afterwards came to Montreal as Head of the Department. When I told Dr. Forsyth that I had been for three years a student under James Harkness, he said, "I wrote the first book in the English language on Theory of Functions, Harkness wrote the second, and it was a very good second to mine". Somehow this did not seem to be as boastful as it sounds. He told me that one year he had a student who seemed to have great promise but expended most of his energy and time on the track where his speed brought him much athletic kudos. He said he had felt like saying to him "The Lord delighteth not in the legs of a man". I asked what response the student had made. "Oh", he replied, "I did not say this to him for one must never speak sarcastically to a student, never in such a way that it would be rude of the student to reply in the same vein". How right! In forty-one years of University teaching, I don't think I ever forgot that precept. Two mornings a week I joined George in the 8:20 bicycle ride down Kensington Palace Road to Kensington High Street and eastward to the Royal Albert Hall and so down to Exhibition Road, he to the 9:00 o'clock lecture at the R.S.M. and I on down to the Royal College of Science. Then at the close of the lecture off to Bedford Square.

When spring came, all George's class went to Cornwall for a month or more of experience in underground surveying in the old disused tin mines. About this time I resigned and the Adjutant's office took over the remnant of my work. Thus I was free to join George in lodgings in Redruth close to the mines. When the 24th of May came he determined to take it as a holiday although in Britain it had not been so regarded since Queen Victoria's death. He left a note at his Professor's lodging to the effect that, being a loyal Canadian, he felt it as his duty to regard the 24th as a holiday and would therefore not be at the mine on that day. We bicycled down the coast to picturesque St. Ives with its ancient sailor's Chapel at the end of the harbour point. On the next day, the week end, to Lands End, to Mousehole and Penzance with a good view of the miniature British St. Michael's Mount and so north by Helston to Redruth again. When George appeared next day at his class, he found his Professor regarded him with a chilly aloofness. Obviously he thought this soldier-student was lacking in proper deference, but he got over it in a few days and became his normal, helpful, friendly self. At the conclusion of the course we took train to Plymouth and rowed around to the naval Harbour of Devonport. We cycled across Dartmoor, a strenuous day because strong head winds made cycling impossible on the up grades and flat parts, only on the down hills with vigorous peddling could one progress on the cycle. We saw the walls of Princetown penitentiary, we saw the Tors and very old flat stone bridges and towards evening when the wind dropped we rode down into the lovely valley of The Ex entering Exeter as the sun set in splendour.

The next morning we visited the Cathedral and then took the train to Salisbury and cycled from there to Southampton and on down to Portsmouth, crossed over to the Isle of Wight so that George could see even a little of its charm. And so by train back to London.

My thoughts go back to Christmas 1918, when George joined in the traditional men's swimming race in the Serpentine. A grey chilly morning it was, but some twenty men, most of them middle aged, some quite portly, had gathered there at about 7:00 A.M. I think. Aunt Mina and I had walked across the Park with George and watched the race from a discreet distance. The race was from one pier to the next about 100 yards distance. A starter sent off the fat older men and then another and another of the club members some of whom wallowed slowly along with the breast stroke. When the first were nearly at their goal the last man, George, was allowed to dive in. Spray flew as he passed most of them but by the time he was little more than half way, one old plodder had reached the far dock. As a race it was, of course, a complete farce, but it was an event and I felt it should be celebrated so I bought a small silver, two handled cup at the south east side of Oxford Circus and had it engraved "G.V. Douglas/ Fastest swimmer/ Serpentine Race/ Christmas day 1918". It stood for almost twenty years in the dining room of our house on Sherbrooke Street together with a subsequently gained McGill Harrier Club Cup and two small ones of mine, one for public speaking and one for Athletics at McGill.

At the Royal School of Mines in that 1919 winter and spring George rowed second oar in the Eights. When the pre-Henley trial races came along we would cycle or bus to the place somewhere up the Thames above Teddington. I was always thrilled to watch from the towpath. The names Molesley and Walton come to mind. The R.S.M. won a place at the Henley regatta for the 1920 season which was the best they could do at that time so the oarsmen and their coaches were well content. One race I still remember with rising heart-beat. We thought we were allowing plenty of time to get to the place but it was a special holiday weekend, possibly Whit Saturday, and the busses were passing crowded to the doors. Quite hopeless to go that way, so we rushed to the Underground and at its destination we managed to get a taxi. George kept urging the driver to go faster and up and up the tow path on and on. As it narrowed and the crowds became denser the driver refused to go further but was bribed to persist though it meant that he would have to back his way for a mile or so. Then we saw the distracted coach looking down the tow path. George gave me his wallet and leaped from the taxi. The Coach cursed him roundly, shoved him onto a cycle and hastened after him on foot. I paid the irate driver and anxiously pushed my way on through the crowd

just in time to see the waiting shell boarded by George and pushed off for the starting line. He must have been horribly out of breath and very tense but the "paddle" to the starting point and the pause before the gun ~~was~~ gave the crew enough time to find themselves. They went up the river in great style to win ~~the~~ race. Had we been two or three minutes later the R.S.M. shell would have been out of the race by default.

When the R.S.M. term came to an end in early summer and demobilization being not yet in sight, George decided to take Aunt Mina and me over to France and Flanders to see the battlefields. To visit these scenes of horror, bloodshed, death and devastation with George who knew most of the places intimately was an experience not to be translated into words. Ostend, Nieuport, Ypres, Albert, Poperinghe, Zeebrugge, Abbeville, Amiens, Near Albert where George hunted for what had once been a temporary billet, we found on shell-torn ground the German helmet and the little altar bell which are now at Ashkirk and the wooden sign at what had been a familiar road mark in July 1916. At Amiens, which showed little devastation, we tried to get rooms but were met everytime with "Pas de tout, de tout, de tout!" At last as darkness was falling George left us in a café while he went off in search of accommodation. He returned to guide us along narrow dark streets to a partially devastated house where two rooms were available. Next day we went to the Cathedral, mercifully spared any bombardment. The Chancel was piled high with sandbags to preserve its famed carvings; a temporary altar having been placed against the West door, the exterior of which was also protected with sandbags. In the Square beyond we saw the striking statue of Peter the Hermit whose appeals to Pope Urban II led to the First Crusade in 1075. Thence we went to Laon, on whose hilltop stands its Cathedral in which we were told the Germans had stabled their horses; then on to Rheims where its beautiful Cathedral with its lace-like towers was sheathed in scaffolding and closed for repairs. South of Amiens had been the French front where George had not been previously and he was most anxious to see Verdun and its defending forts Douaumont Vaux and Thiaumont, the pivot of France's eastern fortress line. The fighting at this Verdun salient had been long and bitter with terrible losses on both sides, its hero was Gen. Pétain whose challenging cry "On ne passe pas" became the rallying cry of the salient. The night train brought us to the Verdun station about 5:30 in the morning. What a scene of utter desolation as we walked along the silent deserted streets with ruined and blasted buildings on both sides. At last we came to a café in the cellar of a ruined house and entered to be told there would be coffee in about half an hour. We were allowed to wait there on benches by a trestle table where we dozed sleepily until strong black coffee and a hunk of French bread were given us. Thus fortified we set off and

during the day we succeeded in getting busses through ravaged desolate villages and bomb-pocked fields to the three famous forts on the hills dominating the Valley of the Meuse which flowed through Verdun. This day was, for George at least, the climax of our trip. Poor Pétain! Hero throughout all France and the Allied countries in 1919, and twenty years later earning disgrace and ignominy for his capitulation to the German invaders in the Second Great War. Three days in beautiful Paris brought our trip to its close.

When the day of the Victory Parade came we watched the great ~~March-Past~~ in Hyde Park with thousands of cheering citizens: Sir Douglas Haig and his Generals and the great Commander-in-Chief General Foch attended by the much younger General Weygand reputed to be the most able and brilliant of his staff. Bands, flags and marching men, artillery and support services, contingents of the Allies, and that evening a spectacular fireworks display, all contributed to an unforgettable and emotional occasion.

Another day from the steps of one of Pall Mall's many clubs, The Royal Automobile Club, we saw Britain's Marshalls Rawlinson, Plumer and others drive to St. James Palace in open landaus to be honoured at some ceremony. Their carriages paused in front of the approach to Marlborough House where Queen Alexandra, widow of Edward VII, stepped to the curb and shook hands with every Marshall. Yet another day we stood on the Strand to see The Guards welcomed back from France who with the "Old Contemptibles" had been rushed across to France in the earliest days of the war. One immortal Punch cartoon portrayed two charwomen watching the returning soldiers. One of them pointing excitedly and proudly says "There's me 'usband, 'e's one of the Old Contemptibles." To which the other remarks, "All 'usbands is contemptible"! Who of my vintage can ever forget some of those Bairnsfather and other cartoons! "The better 'ole," The "Mule humour" sequence beginning with "'E's kicked the Corporal" and ending ecstatically with "'E's kicked the Colonel!"

Many memories flash through the mind when my thoughts turn back to those four years. The first U.S.A. soldiers to march down Whitehall in 1917, warmly welcomed by the people in those dark months when the Germans were hurling tremendous odds against the French and British fronts; when Britain's losses were climbing towards the 500,000 killed and Canadian losses towards 50,000; the procession down the Mall and Whitehall when King George V drove with his only daughter, Mary, the Princess Royal, to Westminster Abbey for her marriage; the early talk of a League of Nations and President Wilson's lofty utterances on self determination; Viscount Grey advocating a League of Nations in Sept. 1917, at Central Hall, Westminster; an eloquent address

full of idealism and realization of the difficulties, "it must be founded upon democracy, but first the victory must be won"; The great Albert Hall inaugural meeting of the British Branch of League of Nations Society in the spring of 1919 with Lord Rbt. Cecil and Viscount Grey as speakers; a series of Citizenship addresses by such men as Sir F. E. Smith, (later Lord Birkenhead), Lord Bryce, the Bishop of London and Lord Leverhume; the 115th Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a meeting held in the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor present in state.

When in the spring of 1919 the first Derby since 1914 was to be run at Epsom Downs, George and I decided to go on our bicycles. What a gathering! King George and every rank of his subjects down to the tinkers, travelling by train or by road in Rolls Royce or every imaginable vehicle, cars, buses, char-a-banc, carriages, carts, and farm wagons and with horses, mules or donkeys and most mobile of all, the bicycles. The road from London was one long slow crawling line of traffic. Many never arrived at Epsom at all. We could weave our way and pass everything in sight. We found a place on the hillside almost opposite the Royal Pavilion from which we could see the Royal party, the vast crowd, the gesticulating bookies, the gay jockeys on their beautiful mounts issue from the paddock, parade down in front of the stands and then turn and canter off to the starting gates over the hill out of our sight. But the electric thrill which went through the entire crowd when a whispered "They're off" was heard is an amazing phenomenon. Every head was craned towards Tattenham Corner far to our right. Around it they swung, jockeys low-crouched over their horses necks. Up the final straight to the winning post when the breathless hush suddenly gave place to thousands of excited voices. What a day it was.

Another such occasion arose when the Ascot Races were held. Again we set off on our bicycles by the most direct road to Sunninghill and the Racetrack. Not so ebullient and mixed a crowd as at the Derby, but a few 'pearlies' were there in their mule or donkey wagons, The gay gypsy men whose jerkins were covered with glistening pearl buttons. We found two places at the rail opposite the Royal stand and watched the traditional procession of open carriages carrying the King, members of the Royal Family and their guests from Windsor Castle to the Royal stand. We saw the stand fill up and the King and two of his gentlemen-in-waiting rather apart from the others. The King took a paper from the hands of one of these companions, read something which obviously annoyed him for he crushed the paper and threw it on the floor. A man beside us said the King was evidently disappointed because his horse had been withdrawn from one of the races by its trainer, presumably because the long spell of dry sunny weather had rendered the course very hard. This was a brilliant spectacle, all the ladies

in gay summer attire with parasols and many of the men in service uniform. At the close of the races we decided not to return by the crowded roads but to take the much longer but quieter way along the tow-path following all the curves and windings of the Thames from, I now suppose, Staines to Richmond. Another memory to be treasured these nearly three score years.

Seven months after the Armistice, the Treaty of Versailles was signed in Paris on June 28, 1919. The Royal Proclamation of Peace was to be made by King George V with full pageantry. It promised to be a spectacular event so Aunt Mina and I went down to the precincts of the City to witness the Ceremonial at Temple Bar at the end of the Strand where it changes into Fleet Street. A mural tablet marks the place where the gate of the City used to be. Beyond this point the reigning Sovereign does not pass without requesting permission from the Lord Mayor. We went early and got positions at the curb opposite the place where the King's coach would halt. Crowds lined the Strand and packed in behind us at our point of vantage. Along came the procession with mounted Guardsmen protecting the Royal Coach complete with outriders and mounted heralds with banners and trumpets. The trumpets sounded as the coach came to a halt. An equerry rode forward to the imaginary bar and demanded admission for the King. The Lord Mayor with his splendid equipage was drawn up some fifty yards within the city boundary. He dispatched a horseman mounted on a glossy coal-black high spirited horse to invite the King to enter. He rode forward much too fast for when his rider reined him in at the Bar, the horse slipped on the wet cobbles, reared up and plunged toward where we were standing. Soon the rider got him under control and retreated to his side of the Bar where he delivered his message. More fanfare, and the Royal Coach moved into the City. If I remember rightly, the Lord Mayor came forward on foot to welcome the King. After the trumpets sounded a triumphant fanfare, a herald unfolded a scroll and read the royal declaration of peace, The medieval pageant was over, the two processions retired in their opposite directions, and the crowds melted away.

The end of August brought demobilization papers. We said good-bye to the faithful Miss Paton and our London friends. We obtained passages for early September and sailed from Liverpool for Montreal.

MONTREAL, CAMBRIDGE and the ANTARCTIC.

1919-1922.

On our return to Montreal in September, 1919, we found that the succession of tenants whom the Westmount Agent had put into our house, 4193 Sherbrooke Street, West, had badly maltreated everything and much had been stolen. But we got no insurance because three words were not included in our burglary policy, "larceny" and "petty theft".

For George and me the great thing was our return to McGill to begin the final year for our Bachelor degrees. George registered for the B. Sc. in Mining and I for the B.A. in Mathematics and Physics. He found himself in classes with many other returned men, all seriously trying to regain the habit of intensive study. I joined a class of students, all of whom had entered from school the year after I had gone to England. They were a fine group and they took me into their midst warmly. But no other student, man or woman, was in the final year in my course so I saw little of them in classrooms. I played basketball for my year, organized the first women's swimming meet, competed in the sports meet, in debating and public speaking. George joined the Harrier Club and was chosen captain of the team that represented McGill in the intercollegiate race, for his performance in which he won a Silver Cup.

We both found that four years absence had allowed much of our knowledge to fade in whole or part from our memories so that long hours of study were necessary. But on Saturday afternoons we resumed our skiing and just before Christmas the long tramp on snowshoes to the woods beyond Bluebonnet Race Track to get our tree and evergreen branches. Frequently Etienne Bieler skied with us. He had graduated with the Molson Gold Medal in 1915 before going overseas with reinforcements from the C.O.T.C. to the Princess Patricia Battalion and had been appointed a lecturer in the Physics Department on his return from the war.

Our old McGill Principal, Sir William Peterson, had died and the Governors had appointed Sir Auckland Geddes, who had, however, been granted a years leave of absence to carry through his work as a Cabinet Minister in post-war Great Britain. The acting Principal was our family friend, Dr. Frank Dawson Adams, F.R.S., Dean of the Faculty of Engineering, so it was from his hands that we received at the May Convocation in 1920, our graduation diplomas and for George, the Essay Prize (his essay being on Trenches, Dugouts and Light Railways), for me, The Molson Medal. The British

Government offered Geddes the Ambassadorship to Washington, so he resigned the Principalship of McGill without ever having served. His successor was Sir. Arthur Currie, formerly Commander of the Canadian Forces overseas in the latter years of the war.

After four years away it was good to be again at our island that summer of 1920. George was with us briefly at the beginning and end but off on geological survey through the middle months. We had both determined to return to McGill for our Masters degree. George specialized in geology and metallurgy with research on the efficiency of ball mills leading to a thesis and the M.Sc. degree. I worked in a basement room of the Macdonald Physics Building under the direction of Dr. J. A. Gray, F.R.S. on the Range of B-rays from Radium E. The Governor General, the Duke of Devonshire, visited McGill that winter and was given a tour of the building, even to the subterranean laboratory where I was at work. He sat on my stool and put his eye to the little telescope while I charged the fragile looking home-made electroscope with ebony rod rubbed on cat's fur, brought up the radioactive source so that he saw the gold leaf fall slowly and then rapidly. I explained briefly what this signified but I am sure he had no ghost of an idea what it was all about. That evening I went to the Union to hear him speak. He was brought in looking flushed and stupid, slumped into a chair and seemed to doze while the introduction was made, then got to his feet and made an excellent speech.

The Universities in the first post war years had difficulties in finding the needed staff to instruct the increased enrolment due to the influx of Veterans and McGill was no exception. Dr. A. S. Eve, the director of the Physics Department asked me to give the course, lectures and laboratory, in Properties of Matter. The textbook was by Poynting and Thomson. I had made a thorough study of it in the summer of 1914 in preparation for the September scholarship examinations, so I felt at least a small degree of confidence in undertaking to lecture to the half dozen men and women in 3rd year honours. This was my first experience in University lecturing. I worked hard at it and thoroughly enjoyed it. Some of those, my first students, became men of high distinction in physics in subsequent years and one of them became a poet, anthologist and Professor of English in an American University.

Several events in those two years at McGill stand out in my memory. In 1919 autumn, the President of the newly formed (1918) International Federation of University Women visited Canada and the Canadian Federation of University Women became the first national group to join Great Britain and the United States which were the founder nations of the I.F.U.W. The two leaders of this movement were Professor

Caroline Spurgeon who held a chair of literature at the University of London and was the first President of I.F.U.W., and Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College, Columbia University, New York. Professor Spurgeon gave a delightful lecture at McGill on Modern English Poetry. She also addressed the McGill Alumnae, but I could only become a member after graduation the following spring. I have been a member of the C.F.U.W. ever since.

Two special convocations were held in those years, one to bestow an LL.D. on a very nervous Prince of Wales, one similarly to honour the Rt. Hon. Ramsay Macdonald, whose address was on the need for imagination in every walk of life, with the advice that to stimulate ones imagination - "Read Rob Roy".

One day towards the close of the 1920 summer Dr. Adams had paddled down from the Finley Island (Mrs. Adams was a Finley) to tell me that the I.O.D.E. had established postgraduate research fellowships open to men and women as a War Memorial. The first two were to be awarded for the 1921-1922 academic year and he thought I should apply. My first reaction was to put the whole idea out of my mind because I could not leave Aunt Mary and Aunt Mina alone with the former in her sad condition but Aunt Mary insisted that I apply and if successful that we should all go to England where, particularly if we could get Miss Paton again, she would be happier than in Montreal. So that autumn I put in my application, supported by letters from Professor Eve and Sir Auckland Geddes, to work under Sir Ernest Rutherford in the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge. That winter two awards of one thousand dollars each were made, one to Watson Kirkconnell, afterwards President of Acadia University, for literary studies at Oxford, and the other to me. This opened up vast vistas of new experience and challenge.

Another event of that 1921 winter which was to have far reaching effects in our lives was the lecture at McGill by Sir Ernest Shackleton. The Canadian Government had encouraged him to believe they would support an Arctic exploration expedition and he was trying to impart some of his own enthusiasm to Canadians and suggesting that some of his scientific crew might be found in Canadian Universities. George caught fire immediately and at the close of the lecture he joined the group of Professors around Sir Ernest and asked to have his name considered as geologist to the expedition. Sir Ernest made a note of this and George came home full of jubilant expectations. But later the Canadian

Government withdrew their half promise of support and the Arctic expedition was abandoned. George then sought other employment possibilities and signed up as one of the geologists with a newly formed Northwestern Oil Company.

At the May 1921 Convocation we both received the M.Sc. degree and shortly after George joined the Northwestern Oil Company's party to travel westward in a special car attached to the regular Transcanada train. He wrote us from various towns where they were shunted onto a siding while the heads of the Company evidently sought financial support from investors. Eventually they got to Edmonton and a bit further north. In the meantime we had again rented the house and late in June sailed for Liverpool. After a few days in London where Miss Paton happily agreed to assume once more the part care of Aunt Mary, we went to Cambridge, first to a boarding house, later to lodgings on Chesterton Road just opposite the foot bridge at the lock below Magdalen College.

Rutherford was gracious, affable and friendly at my first interview and set me a problem on the heat emission from a certain radium disintegration product. This was one side of Rutherford, bluff, genial, self confident and hearty. But he could not suffer fools gladly and when I talked with him about my work with J.A.Gray, he thought I very nearly fell into that category and was extremely, abruptly, gruff and rude. This was his other side which occasionally showed up. My apparatus was in one corner of a large laboratory with Roberts of South Africa in another corner and C.D. Ellis over by the window which faced at ground level into the courtyard. Rutherford's laboratory was entered through ours, and most afternoons about 3 p.m. he would enter this completely darkened room followed by his right hand researcher James Chadwick and by Ellis or another of his inner circle. Here they would sit in the dark until the faithful technician, Crowe, tapped and then took in a tray of tea, returning later with the active source. Then counting scintillations began with eyes sensitized by having been in the dark. Rutherford's office was one floor up as were Chadwick's and Etienne Bieler's laboratory. Sir Joseph Thomson, Master of Trinity and formerly the Cavendish Professor, known to two or three generations of students as J.J., had a laboratory on the lower floor with a few research men interested in the discharge of electricity through ^{partial} of gases in a vacuum. David Keys of Toronto was one of these. ~~who~~ afterwards became a Professor at McGill and was for many years a senior colleague and valued friend.

I became attached to Newnham College as a non-resident research scholar with the privilege of dining in Clough Hall once a month, guest of the High Table, thus meeting some remarkably fine, scholarly women who were tutors and dons, as well as a few undergraduates.

The summer of 1921 was hot and very dry. I hired a canoe from Crowe Sr. who had a boathouse just below Magdalen and most evenings I paddled my Aunts up the Cam under the bridges of Magdalen, St. John's, Trinity, Clare, King's and Queen's Colleges with their lovely Fellows' gardens on the left bank of the river, under Silver Street bridge and across the Mill Pool, up beside the walls of Sir George Darwin's garden hanging with fragrant Sweet Lavender, a sprig of which Aunt Mary could reach out to pluck. I found that the Newnham ladies whom I knew best, Miss Stella Smith, Miss Collier and the Principal, Miss Clough had not been on the river for years so on a Saturday afternoon I sometimes took one or other of them out in the canoe. When the Commonwealth Universities Conference met in Cambridge some of the McGill delegates invited me to the garden party at Magdalen where I met Sir Robert Falkner and his son. They came to tea with us one roasting Sunday afternoon and then we paddled up and down the Cam giving them a totally new impression of the Colleges, which backed on the little river with its many weeping willows, its lawns and flower beds.

Late in August the usual weekly letter from George did not come. Then a telegram one morning electrified us. It was from Liverpool and its message was simply that he was arriving that evening. We were filled with astonishment and curiosity. When he came an interesting tale was unfolded. The Northwestern Oil Company had been a bogus outfit from the beginning. The men were never informed of their final destination, were kept hanging about in some small town north of Edmonton and then suddenly told that the Company was bankrupt, no money to pay their overdue months' salaries and wages and there they were stranded. George got back to Edmonton with another young graduate. Neither had the money for a railway ticket to Montreal. George telegraphed to "Uncle Willie", William M. Hall, a life long friend who looked after Aunt Mina's financial affairs in our absence and had her power of attorney. He wired enough money to enable George and his friend to travel by the cheapest tickets and with a minimum of food at station counters en route. Once in Montreal he was greeted by the Halls, Willie, Alec (Mr. Justice A. Rives Hall) and Bessie (whose father, Rev. William Hall had baptized me in 1894). They gave George

the thrilling news that Shackleton wanted him as geologist on the newly organized Shackleton-Rowett Antarctic Expedition. Shackleton had written to Professor Stephen Leacock asking him to locate G. V. Douglas. Leacock found that only tenants were at the Sherbrooke Street house, but happened to remember seeing Judge Hall with a young man named Douglas as his guest at the University Club, so he passed on Shackleton's enquiry to "Uncle Alec". George cabled Shackleton his acceptance. Money for a passage to Liverpool was wired back. In the boat-train from Liverpool to London he got into conversation with an Irishman named Denham Verschoyle of Tanrigo, Beltra Co. Sligo. He turned out to be something of an inventive genius and amateur scientist with a highly speculative but critically untrained mind, ready to spin fantastic theories and dismiss accepted bases of science as nonsense. George thoroughly enjoyed arguing with him all the way to London and was really impressed with Denham's account of his newly invented lathe and his surveyors' level. Promising to get in touch with him at the instrument makers with a view to taking the level to the Antarctic. George changed into the Cambridge train and so to us with his amazing story.

He went back to London a day later to meet Sir Ernest and Hubert Wilkins who was to be biologist to the expedition and who became a life long friend. Shackleton impressed him greatly, his qualities as a dynamic and trusted leader became more and more evident. The assembling of equipment proceeded. Denham's level somewhat modified according to George's suggestions, was purchased. Reading at the British Museum (Nat. Hist.) South Kensington and other libraries took many hours but eventually George was able to return to us for a week. As the long vacation term had ended, I was free too, and all four of us went to the Norfolk coast at Huntstanton. George and I swam daily and did a little cycling but he devoted most of his time to Aunt Mary. When he said goodbye to her in Cambridge on September 15, her 65th birthday, he could not know that he would never see her again for she died on October 19, 1921, in Cambridge. In her almost five years of blindness and affliction she had shown great courage and fortitude; we loved her dearly and appreciated her character and what we owed to her more and more as the years passed.

Aunt Mina and I went up to London to see the Quest sail on September 17. At Ashkirk is an enlargement of the photo I took of Aunt Mina and George at St. Katherine Dock with the Quest in the background. George had given her the chrysanthemums she is carrying. The Quest was a 200 ton Norwegian Whaler.

Frank Wild, the second in command, had been with Shackleton on previous expeditions as had several others of the crew, Worsley who was Hydrographer and Jeffrey navigator. In a small launch hired by George and Jeffrey, four of us went out to accompany the Quest down the river after she had steamed up into the Pool of London (between London Bridge and Tower Bridge) acclaimed on all sides by ships' sirens and whistles and horns. A copy of my snapshot of her headed down stream just after repassing through Tower Bridge is now in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. This photo was a fortunate piece of good luck for the artistic mottled appearance is due to the film being overage and the emulsion degenerating. All the way down the river the ship was given hail and farewell by ships and factories on either bank. She flew the blue ensign as a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. After a few miles we waved our farewells, circled the Quest and returned to St. Katherine Dock.

The Quest put into Plymouth where last minute supplies were taken aboard, the compass was boxed, the wireless adjusted by Admiralty technicians and on September 24th they headed south. Almost from the outset the engine gave trouble and progress was not the expected eight knots but nearer five. George volunteered to help the stokers and the London dailies reported in one of Shackleton's wireless messages "Douglas is now stoking and doing well". Heavy storms in the Bay of Biscay led to a knock in the engine and they put in to Lisbon for overhauling on October 4th. During the days there George visited Sintra and also Belém to see Hieronymite, the Convent of San Jeronymos with its magnificent church and lovely cloisters with twisted pillars and a monument to Vasco de Gama who stayed at Belém the night before his great journey 1497-1499, returning there to be welcomed by his King for his achievements.

Sailing again they reached St. Vincent, Madeira, on October 26th and after a few hours on shore, southward to St. Paul's Rocks where George and Wilkins were put ashore from a life-boat, on November 8th for a brief opportunity to collect samples of rocks and zoological specimens. Two weeks sailing to Rio had revealed further engine trouble and Shackleton remained there from November 22nd to December 18th while the engine was again and more thoroughly overhauled. George wrote enthusiastically about Rio, but he and Wilkins were restless at the prospect of nearly four weeks of scientific inactivity so Shackleton sent them by ship to Montevideo where they took the first whaler for South Georgia. They were made welcome at each of the whaling stations they visited, and used these as bases from which to pursue their diverse interests along the coasts and, with skis, far up into the forbidding mountains.

On January 18th they returned to Grytviken to find the Quest anchored in the harbour. But they were met with the sad news that Sir Ernest had died on January 5th of coronary thrombosis. Burial took place eventually in the little cemetery at Grytviken. George suggested that a cairn be built on a prominent spit of land by the harbour and made a sketch for it. Willing hands erected it.

Frank Wild was now the Commander in charge of the expedition. Believing that Lady Shackleton would wish the body to be sent to England, he sent it to Montevideo under the care of Hussey, a final year medical student who decided to take this opportunity to return for his final examinations. Lady Shackleton cabled to bury her husband in South Georgia so after an impressive service and government tributes the casket was shipped back to South Georgia and interred at Grytviken on March 5th. The Quest was by that time far south in the pack ice.

Every one on the Quest wanted to carry out as much as possible of Shackleton's original plan but all the delays had eaten into the summer months when ice conditions in the Weddell Sea might have allowed the mapping of perhaps 2,000 miles of the coast of Enderby Land, so called, I learned in 1975 when I saw Enderby House, Greenwich, the offices of the firm of Enderby Bros. who fitted out the whalers for the South Atlantic. In spite of the date, January 18th, they sailed towards Coats Land hoping something at least might be accomplished. Of the South Sandwich group, the only island visited was Lavodorskii but its cliffs rise vertically from the sea and no landing was possible. From the ship its volcanic nature was apparent and George noted lava flows and a layer of red cinder. Many soundings were made bringing up materials confirming these observations.

As they approached the Antarctic Circle occasional floating ice gave way to heavy pack through which the Quest forced her way. Frequent soundings and dredgings brought up good samples of pelagic deposits and a few small pebbles of aegirine-granite, quartz and arkose. Just below the Circle the pack congealed. While waiting for it to break up again, the crew played football on the slowly and rhythmically heaving ice, much amused by the antics of the penguins which waddled up full of curiosity to investigate both the ball and the men. As the days passed it became evident that they could not reach the coast that season. Wild had no intention of being frozen in for the Antarctic winter, so when high winds opened a lead in the ice on March 21st they headed north-westward towards Elephant Island. This inhospitable mountainous

island evoked many memories for Wild, Worsley, McLeod and several others of the Quest's company, vivid memories of the dramatic sequence of events after Shackleton's Endurance was crushed in the Weddell sea ice in 1915. Landings could be made in only two places but much data and many rock samples and biological specimens were brought aboard. Heading for South Georgia they crossed the stormy 800 miles, which Shackleton, Worsley and two others had sailed in an open boat in 1916. At Grytviken they paid their last tribute to their late leader, took in supplies, and set sail for Tristan da Cunha.

By now it was May and Wild was anxious to carry out Shackleton's intention of visiting many islands of the South Atlantic on the way to Cape Town where he could report fully to Mr. John Quiller Rowett, the school boy friend of Shackleton who had agreed to provide the financial backing for the expedition. An excellent second in command and a skilled sailor, Frank Wild had no scientific training and limited vision of the importance of scientific findings nor did he realize that good scientific investigation required time. Thus George and Wilkins were continually frustrated by the limited time given them ashore at every island. Wild always enjoyed the action of sailing somewhere, but having dropped anchor at his destination, he soon became restless, anxious to hoist it again and set sail for the next port of call.

Tristan provided the best opportunity for some detailed work. Mail and parcels had been given to Shackleton for delivery to the small community who lived on the island. While George and Wilkins pursued their interests, Dr. Macklin made a study of the physical condition of the villagers. George had many tales to tell about them. He went into several of their cottages and always found a row of Bibles on each mantelpiece, gifts from every ship that had called over the years. In the Tristan da Cunha group three other islands were visited briefly, Inaccessible Island on May 23rd where George examined the lava flows and reached the top of the 1,500 foot cone of red basaltic scoria, Nightingale Island and Middle Island on both of which guano deposits were located and samples taken which unfortunately were proved on analysis to have no economic value. The 200 foot cliffs of Stoltenhoff Island made landing impossible.

Gough Island lies about 200 miles south of the Tristan group. In his report George described it as a "monoclinal block with dip slopes to the west and escarpments to the east".

The escarpments are cut by a few glens, one of which gives access to the interior of the island. "The most striking feature, looking up the glen, is the great stock of an acid intrusive rock which rises to 2,270 feet". Beyond this rises the highest point, 2,915 feet to which George gave the name, Mt. Rowett. It was to this view of the glen that George applied Sir Walter Scott's words in The Lady of the Lake "shooting abruptly from the dell. It's thunder-splinter'd pinnacle." He made a traverse from sea level to the summit of Mt. Rowett obtaining eleven rock samples and plucking a small branch of a shrub or stunted tree which he shoved into a sample bag. This proved to be of great interest to the botanist at the South Kensington Museum who thought it might be an unidentified variant of (I think) Aracaria. George looked again in the sample bag and found a few seed pods, all that the botanist needed to establish it as a new species to which the name Gonghensis was appended. Some years before the Quest visited Gough Island a party of prospectors from Cape Town had been landed there and evidences of their camp in the glen pointed to a very sudden and hurried departure. No valuable minerals had been found so when a passing ship was sighted they had signalled it and left the island abruptly. George found two Cape kettles, beautiful little iron pots with three short legs, a lid and swinging handle. He brought these back to England, gave one to Mrs. Gordon McArthur in London and the other is by the fireplace at Ashkirk.

Wild then headed for Cape Town where he cabled Mr. Rowett and was instructed to return to England. Rowett was a sadly disappointed and disillusioned man. The arrangement with Shackleton had been that a proportion of his returns from writing and lecture tours would in part repay Rowett's outlay on the expedition. With Shackleton's death this hope vanished. It was no secret on the Quest that Rowett expected to gain a Knighthood when the two year expedition returned triumphantly home. This, too, was a vanished dream. He became so depressed that a year later life lost all its savour and abruptly ended.

George wrote glowing accounts of Cape Town, of ascending Table Mountain, visiting Grut Shur and the University. While the ship was refitted and equipped for the long journey home, he was free to travel about and managed to see a good part of the country. Somewhere he met Professor R. A. Daly, the Canadian born head of the Department of Geology at Harvard. This happy meeting began a long friendship and led to an invitation to go for Ph. D. studies and an assistantship to Harvard when the Quest reports should be completed.

The first port of call on the long journey northward was St. Helena about 1,700 miles from Cape Town, a mountainous volcanic island of geological interest as well as being steeped in the tragedy of Napoleon's last years. About 700 miles further to the northwest and just a few degrees south of the equator brought them to Ascension Island, also of volcanic origin, an Admiralty coaling and telegraphic station. Its many volcanic cones were noted, the highest being Green Mt. rising to over 2,800 feet. The last stop was made at St. Vincent, a northern member of the volcanic Cape Verde group.

In the early morning of September 16th, 1922, the Quest dropped anchor in Plymouth harbour.

1 Grandparents'

2 All memories

3 1902-4

4 School to Early Years

5 War Years.